

MILLBROOK AND OMELETTE MIRROR

Durham and Victoria Standard

VOL. 19, NO. 9. \$1 per annum.

MILLBROOK ONT., THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1907.

C. W. RICHARDS, Publisher and Proprietor

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Rorie and Vixen;

OR, A HAPPY MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(Continued.)

Violet left her mother with these words. They had reached the lawn before the drawing room windows. Mrs. Carmichael sank into low baskets, like a half-porter, while a friend had sent her from the sands of Trouville, and Vixen ran off to the stable to see if Arion was in any way the worse for his long round.

The horses had been littered down for the night, and the stable-yard was empty. The faithful Bates, who was usually to be found at this hour smoking his evening pipe on a stone bench beside the stable pump, was nowhere in sight. Vixen went into Arion's loose box, where that animal was nibbling clover lazily, standing knee-deep in freshly spread straw, his fine legs carefully bandaged. He gave his mistress the usual grunt, friendly greeting, allowed her to feed him with the choicest bits of clover, and licked her hands in token of gratitude.

"I don't think you're any the worse for our canter over the grass, old pet," she cried, cheerily, as she caressed his sleek head, "and Captain Carmichael's track looks can't hurt you."

As she left the stable she saw Bates, who was walking slowly across the courtyard, wiping his honest old eyes with the cuff of his drab coat, and hanging his grizzled head dejectedly.

Vixen ran to him with her cheeks aflame, divining mischief. The captain had been wreaking his spite upon this lowly head.

"What's the matter, Bates?"

"I've lived in this house, Miss Violet, and long, and loved it, and I've never wronged my master by so much as the worth of a handful of wuts of a carriage candle. I was stable-boy in your grandfather's time, miss, as is well known to you; and I remember your father when he was the finest and handsomest young squire with fifty mile. I've loved you and yours better than I ever loved my own flesh and blood; and to go and pluck me up by the roots and send me out among strangers in my old age is crueler than it would be to tear up the old cedar on the lawn, which I've heard Joe the gardener say as old as the day when such-like trees were first known in England. It's crueler, miss, for the captain's got no feelings; but I feel it down to the deepest fibres in me. The lawn did look ugly and empty without the cedar, and mayhap nobody'll miss me; but I've got the heart of a man, miss, and I've got my poor Bates' feelings, and I've got my feelings with this burst of eloquence. He was a man who, although silent in his normal condition, had a great deal to say when he felt aggrieved. In his present state of mind, his only solace was in many words.

"I don't know what you mean, Bates," cried Vixen, very pale now, divining the truth in part, if not wholly. "Don't cry, dear old fellow; it's too dreadful to see you. You don't mean you can't mean—that my mother has sent you away?"

"Not your ma, miss, bless her heart! She wouldn't sack the servant that saddled her husband's horse, fair weather and foul, for twenty years."

"But for what reason? What have you done to offend him?"

"Ah, miss, there's the hardship of it! He's turned me off for a minute's grace, and without a character too. That's hard, isn't it? Forty years in a service, and to leave without a character at last! That do cut an old fellow to the quick."

"Why don't you tell me the reason, Bates? Captain Carmichael must have given you his reason for such a cruel act."

"Lord, miss, so he might!" said Bates, grinning. "I reckon he's capable of it. But I checked him pretty strong, Miss Violet. The thought of that'll always be a comfort to me. You wouldn't have known me for your father's old servant if you'd hear me. I felt as if Satan had got hold of my tongue, and was wagging it for me, the words came so pat. It seemed as if I'd got all the dictionary at the tip of my poor old tongue."

"Open he gate," said Vixen. "I am going out by the wilderness."

Bates opened the gate under the old brick archway, and Vixen rode slowly away, by unfrequented thickets of rhododendron and arbutus, holly and laurel, with a tall mountain ash or a stately deodara rising up among them, and there, dark against the opal evening sky.

It was a lovely evening. The crescent moon rode high above the tree-tops; the sunset was still red in the west. The secret depths of the wood gave forth their subtle perfume in the cool, calm air. The birds were singing in suppressed and secret tones among the low branches. Now and then a bat skimmed across the open glade, and scolded into the woodland darkness, or a raven cawed, grey and ghost-like. It was an hour when the woods assumed an awful beauty. Not to meet ghosts seemed stranger than to meet them. The shadows of the dead would have been in harmony with the mystic loveliness of this green solitude—a world remote from the track of men.

Even to-night, though her heart was swelling with indignation, Violet felt all the beauty of these familiar scenes. They were a part of her life, and so long as she lived she must love and rejoice in them. To-night as she rode quietly along, careful not to hurry Arion after his long day's work, she looked around her with eyes full of deep love and melancholy yearning. If she could but have seen the out-of-all-that had been sweet and lovely in her life only these forest scenes remained. Humanity had not been kind to her. The dear father had been snatched away just when she had grown to the height of his love and the fullest comprehension of his love, and greatest need of his protection. Her mother was a gentle, smiling puppet, to whom it were vain to appeal in her necessities. Her mother's friend, an implacable enemy, Borie, the friend of her childhood—who might have been so much—had given himself to another. She was quite alone.

"The charcoal burner in Mark Ash is not so solitary as I am," thought Vixen, sadly. "Charcoal burning is only part of his life. He has his wife and children in his cottage at home."

By and by she came out of the winding forest way into the straight highway that led to Briarwood; and now she put her horse at a smart trot, for the bushes were dark already, and she calculated that it must be nearly eleven o'clock before she could accomplish what she had to do and get back to the Abbey House. And at eleven doors were locked for the night, and Captain Carmichael made a circuit of inspection as severely as the keeper of a prison. What would be said if she should not get home till after the gates were locked, and the keys delivered over to that stern man?

Briarwood came in sight above the dark clumps of beech and oak—a white portico, shining lamp-light windows. The lodge-gate stood hospitably open, and Violet rode in without question, and up to the pillared porch. Roderick Vawdrey was standing in the porch, smoking. He threw away his cigar as Vixen rode up, and ran down the steps to receive her.

"Why Violet, what has happened?" he asked, with an alarmed look. "I thought it seemed to me that only sudden death or dire calamity could bring her to him thus, in the late gloaming, pale, and deeply moved. Her lips trembled faintly as she looked at him, and for the moment she could find no words to tell her trouble."

"What is it, Violet?" he asked again, holding her gloved hand in his, and looking up at her, full of sympathy and concern.

"Not very much, perhaps, in your idea of things, but it seems a great deal to me. And it has put me into a tremendous passion. I have come to ask you to do me a favor."

"A thousand favors if you like; and when they are granted, the obligation shall be still on my side. But come into the drawing-room and rest, and let me get you some tea—lemonade—wine—something to refresh you after your long ride."

know. It wouldn't do for you to take one of these fatal carriage accidents. He might have you sent to prison for horse-stealing."

"Lord, miss, so he might!" said Bates, grinning. "I reckon he's capable of it. But I checked him pretty strong, Miss Violet. The thought of that'll always be a comfort to me. You wouldn't have known me for your father's old servant if you'd hear me. I felt as if Satan had got hold of my tongue, and was wagging it for me, the words came so pat. It seemed as if I'd got all the dictionary at the tip of my poor old tongue."

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"A thousand favors if you like; and when they are granted, the obligation shall be still on my side. But come into the drawing-room and rest, and let me get you some tea—lemonade—wine—something to refresh you after your long ride."

"Nothing, thanks. I am not going to get off my horse. I must not lose a moment. Why, it must be long after eleven already, and Captain Carmichael locks up the house at eleven."

Borie did not care to tell her that it was on the stroke of ten. He called in a renouveau voice for a servant, and told the man to get Blue Peter saddled that instant.

THE WORLD'S MARKETS

REPORTS FROM THE LEADING TRADING CENTRES.

Prices of Cattle, Grain, Hides and Other Dairy Produce at Home and Abroad.

Toronto, July 23.—Flour—Ontario wheat 90 per cent. patents are \$3.40 bid, with \$3.50 asked in buyers' sacks, outside for export; Manitoba first patents, \$4.77 to \$5; second patents, \$4.25 to \$4.50, and strong bakers', \$4.20 to \$4.30.

Corn—No. 2 white are quoted at 44½ to 45c outside.

Barley—Prices purely nominal.

Wheat—No. 1 northern, 95½c, lake ports, and No. 2 northern, 93½c, lake ports; Ontario No. 2 white, 88c, and No. 2 red winter, 88c outside.

Peas—No. 2, nominal, at 70 to 71c outside.

Butter—Pound rolls are quoted at 18 to 19c; large rolls are quoted at 17 to 17½c; Creamery prints sell at 21 to 22c, and solids at 19 to 20c.

Cheese—Large quoted at 12c, and twigs at 12½c.

HOG PRODUCTS.

Bacon, long clear, 10½ to 11½c per lb. in case lots, mess, \$21 to \$21.50; short cut, \$22.50 to \$23.

Hams—Light to medium, 15 to 15½c; dark, heavy, 14½c; roll, 11½c; shoulders, 11c; backs, 16½c; breakfast bacon, 15½c.

Butter—Large quoted at 12c, and twigs at 12½c.

Business at Montreal.

Montreal, July 23.—Manitoba No. 2 white oats sold at 43 to 43½c; Ontario No. 2 white, 42 to 42½c; No. 2 red, 41 to 41½c; No. 2 white, 40 to 40½c; No. 2 red, 39 to 39½c.

GASOLINE TANK EXPLODES.

Fatal Accident at Yonge Street Dock, Toronto.

A despatch from Toronto says: A startling accident—one of the most shocking in the history of Toronto Bay—occurred on Friday shortly after noon, in which, with the first stroke of her propellers to send her on her way to her cruising grounds off the island, Mr. Amelius Jarvis' pleasure yacht "Siliari" was suddenly shaken by an explosion of gasoline, and in the fire which followed, one woman, Mrs. V. Backenstein, unable to escape, was mangled and burnt beyond recognition; another, Mrs. Lena Johnston, was terribly burned, and she now lies at death's door; a man, one of the crew, had his arm fractured in two places and narrowly escaped death in the flames; two little children were also burned, one of whom had his collarbone broken, and the yacht itself to escape destruction by the flames, had to be scuttled where she lay.

Flames Enveloped.

A despatch from Cornwall says: Harlan Cubley, the 10-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cubley, of Massena, N. Y., was fatally burned on Friday by a gasoline explosion while with his parents, on their way down the Grass River to Stonehouse Point, east of Cornwall, where they intended camping. They were in a steam yacht, at the stern of which was a demijohn of gasoline they were taking to a friend. The receptacle which became heated and exploded when it ignited. In a minute there was an explosion and the boat was enveloped in flames. Mr. Cubley, who was on the yacht, was thrown overboard and he was seen by Mrs. Cubley, who had leaped the yacht.

The boy was very badly burned, but his recovery was hoped for. He died, however, after suffering four days.

May Move to Alberta.

Doukhobors Likely to engage in the Beet Sugar Industry.

A despatch from Winnipeg says: It is stated that there is a likelihood of the Doukhobors of Saskatchewan moving to Southern Alberta and engaging in the production of beet sugar.

New Depot for Ottawa.

Plans for Million Dollar Station and Hotel are Filed.

A despatch from Ottawa says: Plans for the new Grand Trunk station and million-dollar hotel in Ottawa have been filed with the Railway Committee of the Privy Council. The plans contemplate a terminal station on the site of the present Central Station to cost one-quarter of a million. The station will be oblong shape and will be surrounded by a large dome. The hotel will be just to the north of the station, abutting the east bank of the Ottawa. The building is planned in a semi-gothic style, and will overlook Major Hill Park and Sappers Bridge. No room is left for a lawn, and a single line of track leads under an archway of the hotel out to the C.P.R. line running over the inter-provincial bridge to Hull.

For Murder in Russia.

Immigrant Arrested for Crime Committed in Europe.

A despatch from Winnipeg says: A Russian, named Matthias Baskiewicz, is under arrest here on the charge of a murder committed in Russia at Manitowish, two years ago. The Russian Government communicated with the British Government, which in turn communicated with the Provincial Government. Details are lacking, but it is believed that the crime is a political one. The arrested man has been extradited on the ground that he is not the man, but that his brother George is the man wanted.

Live Stock Market.

Toronto, July 23.—Choice exporters sold from \$5.60 to \$5.90; bulls from \$4.50 to \$5.

LONDON A CITY OF CALAMITY

Terrible Disasters in 1881, 1883, 1898 and Now That of 1907.

Tales of the Disaster.

Death of Clara Mullin.

Flood Claimed.

Whole Families Wiped Out.

Under Terrible Shadow.

Escaped Suffocation.

Prayed to Die.

For Murder in Russia.

Immigrant Arrested for Crime Committed in Europe.

Live Stock Market.

Steel Rail Contracts.

Government Ordering Sixty-five Thousand Tons.

Wants Gunboat Now.

United States Asks Permission to Station One at Rochester.

It is only a little over nine years ago since the collapse of a platform in the city hall killed 23 people and injured over one hundred others. A meeting in celebration of a municipal election was in progress, without the slightest warning, the platform and the floor of the hall gave way, precipitating about 150 persons to the floor below. Near the platform stood a large iron safe, which, going down with the floor, added its terrible crushing weight to the falling timbers, and pinned fast the unfortunate victims, who might otherwise have had a chance of escaping. The cave-in occurred immediately over the City Engineer's office, and more than 200 people were precipitated into the funnel-shaped death trap, with the safe and a heavy steam boiler falling on top of them. Groans from the dying and agonizing cries from the injured, mingled in an appalling and never to be forgotten chorus. Numerous thrilling escapades were recorded.

FLOOD CLAIMED.

WHOLE FAMILIES WIPED OUT.

UNDER TERRIBLE SHADOW.

TALKED ON DEGENERACY.

Advice of Doctor Concerning Schools and Feels-Minded.

Big Cheque from O'Brien Mine.

Royalty for Last Quarter Amounted to Over \$116,000.

Peasants and Police.

Sanguinary Conflicts in Central Russia Provinces.

Sought Old Pastures.

Winnipeg Buffalo Swam Assiniboine and Returned to Swan Heights Farm.

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